

FIELD AND A FREAK

Showing Some Wonders That Will Not Be in the Fair.

THINGS SEEN BY GASLIGHT

A Story of Remarkable Coincidences and Strange Experiences in the City by the Yellow River.

I heard an amazing story the other day about Eugene Field, the gentlest of spirits, who, when at home, is of an high order that they are frequently compared to those of the angels of which his books are full. It is said that even his friends are one hundred feet above the world, and the intervening space being filled with darkness and mystery. The story was told to me by William S. Hawkins, now editor of the Herald. Hawkins, who shared the same with Field, Hawkins, now editor of the Herald, has emerged from a



HE LOOKED UP INSTANTLY AND TURNED PALE.

long career of newspaper writing, with the habit of telling the truth, except in print. Very few of us can hope to do as well. I mention the fact to account for his telling the story instead of writing it; there is no fun in it except as a record of genuine coincidences.

I happened to hear it in this way: We had just finished a game of billiards and Hawkins was engaged in extracting two greenbacks from a corner of the table. In this painful moment my eye fell upon a man who was playing pool at the table next to ours. He had an ear the size of my hat. It looked more or less like a German pancake.

I have very little of that sensitive regard for deformities which makes the sight of them for some people at once a fascination and a misery. But Hawkins has that feeling in a remarkable state of development. I knew that if I made him look at the gentleman with the freak ear he would dream about it for seven consecutive nights. Therefore, I gently touched him on the arm and said: "Your friend over there—"

He looked up instantly and turned pale.

"Howdy," he said, "if you ever show me anything like that again I'll break—"

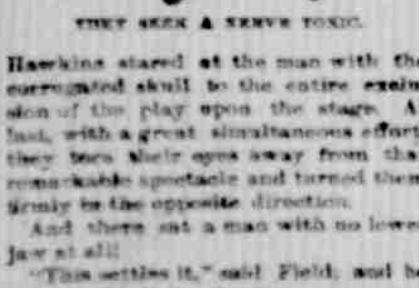
But at that instant the man with the queer ear calmly removed it from his head and held it on the table. Hawkins fell backward into a chair. My own knees shook at this prodigy, but I gathered strength to advance and examine the ear, which I found to be ingeniously made of paper. There was nothing the matter with the man who had removed it except a misdirected desire to be funny.

Hawkins was a good deal relieved by the natural explanation of this phenomenon, but it had set his mind running in gruesome channels, and presently he told me the story of a weird and grisly evening which he once spent with Field in Chicago. The poet has also a peculiar horror of freaks. Naturally, therefore, when he and Hawkins were together they delighted to play upon each other's terrors.

On the evening in question they were sitting in a theater when Field whispered: "There's a gentleman over there who wants to catch your eye."

Hawkins instantly looked in the direction indicated, and there sat a man with a perfectly bald head. It was not a very good head, but apparently the gentleman was in luck to have any at all, considering the usage to which it had been subjected. Along the top of it ran a deep indentation like a valley, evidently caused by collision with some rapidly descending object. The depth of this depression was about two inches, and it gave his head something the appearance of an underdone Finken House roll.

Hawkins looked at this object and his spinal marrow became very cold. But it is the peculiar iniquity of this feeling that it compels a person to keep his eyes fixed upon the thing which he doesn't wish to see. Both Field and



THEY SEEN A SERVE TONIC.

Hawkins stared at the man with the corrugated skull to the entire exclusion of the play upon the stage. At last, with a great simultaneous effort, they tore their eyes away from that remarkable spectacle and turned them firmly to the opposite direction.

And there sat a man with no lower jaw at all.

"This settles it," said Field, and he arose and left the theater.

"Answer," said Hawkins, and followed him. They wandered about the streets for an hour or more, trying to dispel by exercise the painful effects of their experience in the theater, but on almost every corner they met a beggar who looked some important part of his physical structure. Their nerves were by this time in a condition of tension. They were just turning a corner late Clark street when a pistol was dis-

charged three times close to their ears. They yelled in unison and jumped to the right. The man, turning to see what had been the matter, they beheld a man with one leg hopping nimbly in pursuit of a man with one arm, and shouting at every leap.

Apparently the bullet all his life the man in the arm which he didn't have with him, for he suffered no injury and was soon out of sight.

"I think—in fact, I am almost sure," said Field, that we should be better for a little time just and better. We shall probably see the cypriote and a couple of centaurs before the evening is over, and I should like to have my nerves in condition to receive them properly."

Line juice and seltzer is a good safe drink in Chicago, because nobody could be so foolish as to take water with it. There's where the danger lies, but such old-timers as these do not fall into it. So it happened that a little after eleven o'clock, when they came out on the street, they felt much better. But fate did not allow them a single minute for congratulation, for they were no sooner in the open air than Field grasped Hawkins' arm with a desperate clutch.

"Do you see anything there?" he gasped.

Hawkins wheeled around with a suddenness that made his bones rattle, and he beheld a man who was over seven feet high and not over six inches thick anywhere. He had just come suddenly around a corner and to Field he seemed an emanation from the atmosphere, which, in that city, is likely to produce almost anything.

"Is that a man?" whispered Field, "or the baron's head on a pike?"

Before Hawkins could decide whether this elongated spectacle was real or imaginary, it passed on, and its place was almost instantly taken by another apparition about three feet high, and a yard and a half wide. Field seized Hawkins' left hand with his own right, and yelled: "Flee! Hawkins was willing, but unfortunately they started in opposite directions.

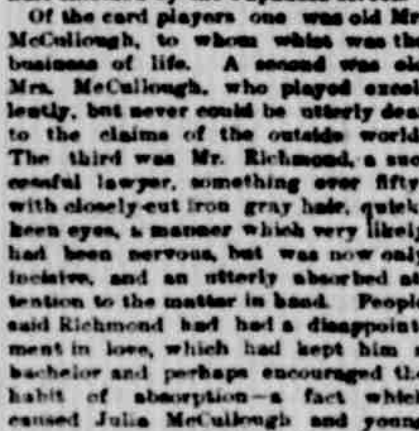
This agreement resulted from their different views regarding the cause of the phenomena. Hawkins believing that they were due to too much line juice and seltzer, and Field thinking that they came from too little.

As a result, one of them made a break for the art gallery from which they had just emerged, and the other for a church on the opposite side of the street; and their hands being clasped together, they remained perfectly still.

The tall, thin man and the short, squat man were followed by a boy with long arms, by a woman with a long, black beard. Then Field and Hawkins came to an agreement about which way they should run. They ran to Field's house, where they slept in one bed with a light in the room, and each accused the other of saying his prayers before going to sleep. This, however, I do not believe.

It was not till the following day that they remembered a certain dime museum, whose stage-door was just around the corner from the establishment where they had obtained the line juice, and in sober daylight it seemed more reasonable to attribute the appearance of the night before to the museum rather than to the medicinal fluid. But neither of them ever passes the spot without a shudder or looks upon the pleasant juice of the line without suspicion.

HOWARD FIELDING.



THEY SEEN A SERVE TONIC.

A forced lead. The old gentleman who sat in the corner of the room and was always reading, and Julia McCullough, and young Stevens, who were in another corner, half shielded by the Japanese screen.

Of the card players one was old Mr. McCullough, to whom what was the business of life. A second was old Mrs. McCullough, who played excellently, but never could be utterly deaf to the claims of the outside world. The third was Mr. Richmond, a successful lawyer, something over fifty, with closely-cut iron gray hair, quick, keen eyes, a manner which very likely had been nervous, but was now only incisive, and an utterly absorbed attention to the matter in hand. People said Richmond had had a disappointment in love, which had kept him a bachelor and perhaps encouraged the habit of absorption—a fact which caused Julia McCullough and young Stevens to regard him with deep and respectful sympathy. The fourth player was old Mr. McCullough's partner, and just at present she groped under such a cloud of disapproval that it would have been a relief to have escaped notice altogether. She was a slight, smooth, somewhat emaciated woman, whose game Mr. McCullough had trained, trimmed and pruned, in season and out of season, until, as a matter of self-preservation, she learned to play better than he.

But it was owing to her that Mr. McCullough now flinched in his chair and glared at a nine-spot as if such club on its surface were a weapon of assassination. It was but eight o'clock in the evening, and she was playing only the stage game to take her to the table on which she was to leave—break up the game and leave. No wonder that Mr. McCullough was almost speechless with rage. No wonder that Mrs. Mc-

Callough fatally wandered, so that she mistook a knife for a ring and pinned it to her opponent's wrist. Even Mr. Richmond, who usually knew better, Miss Selwyn looked, so rarely he raised his eyes from the table, felt that her conduct was injurious.

"May I be permitted to inquire, Charlotte," asked Mr. McCullough, in an awful voice, "since when a knife has been advanced to the distinction of being a king of the same suit?"

"Gracious!" admitted Mrs. McCullough, pushing the cards to Miss Selwyn, who was so covered by the universal disapproval that she received them as a few pith.

"Of course it is impossible to be even decently attentive in the midst of such a wilful disturbance," remarked Mr. McCullough.

"If it were not a case of illness," began Miss Selwyn, apologetically. "People have no business to be ill," snapped Mr. McCullough.

"Do you suppose Susan will be able to get there, too?" asked Mrs. McCullough.

"I hope so," returned Miss Selwyn.

"Come, come, Charlotte!" exclaimed Mr. McCullough; "for heaven's sake let us play while we can!"

Julia McCullough and young Stevens were talking in low tones behind the screen.

"Did you really pin it up?" asked Julia, with apprehensive pleasure.

"I really did," returned young Stevens. "In the hall. I knew how strained the situation would be to-night, and as it is my last evening I wanted it to be peaceful. They might have asked one of us to take a hand."

"I wouldn't have done it," said Julia, firmly.

"Yes, you would, you poor lamb, or I would have taken your place and lost my temper. I can get along with your uncle anywhere but at the whist table."

One of the hotel servants came to the door—the stage was looking ready to cry. The cards had just been dealt.

"I am very sorry," she said.

"Sorry!" growled Mr. McCullough; "we may have to play with a dummy!"

"There isn't a soul in the house that can play," sighed Mr. McCullough. Richmond rose to go with Miss Selwyn to the door.

He put her in the carriage and returned. Not a word had been spoken. He walked restlessly to a book-case and read the titles. The old man in the corner buried himself deeper in his pages; the young girl and her companion became more involved in winding worsted. Mrs. McCullough scolded her hand mechanically. Mr. McCullough drummed on the table and looked ready to burst with rage. It was as if nature were preparing for a cataclysm.

Suddenly they all, except the reader, looked up. A woman stood in the doorway—a fine-looking though not a young woman. Her gray hair rose straight from her handsome forehead; her clear complexion was a little flushed, but she spoke with perfect self-possession.

"I saw the notice pinned up in the hall," she said. "I am a good whist player. Would you like to have me make up the hand?"

Young Stevens rose with a side glance at Julia, who looked a little scared.

"Pinned up in the hall?" repeated old Mr. McCullough doubtfully.

"Yes," she said distinctly, with a swift glance that took in all the occupants of the room; "the notice saying that there were three whist players in the east card room who wanted a fourth at a quarter past eight. Only good players need apply."

Richmond glanced at the young man with a certain severity, behind which was a gleam of amusement, and came toward the card table.

"I—" began young Stevens; but it was old Mrs. McCullough who settled the matter.

"Well," she interrupted, "do come and sit down. I'm sure I don't know how you got here, but we're glad enough to see you. I'll play with Mr. McCullough because I am used to him. You can play with my partner."

"We're wasting a lot of precious time," said Mr. McCullough, and the handsome woman came forward from the doorway and picked up the cards that lay at her place.

Richmond seated himself opposite and for ten minutes not a word was spoken. She did play well—one of those intelligent, pliable games which show science, memory and comprehension. Richmond was delighted with her. If at a critical point he planned a brilliant stroke she caught his intention instantly and cooperated. He was not curious concerning her personally; he had barely looked at her; she was simply his skillful comrade. It was her deal, and as she picked up the cards she shuffled them once. Richmond's eyes were on her fingers and he started a little. She mixed the cards by an old bit of manipulation. He had never seen but one other person do it. The next time he watched her; then he glanced from her fingers to her face in sudden, sharp inquiry. Her eyes were on him; they were a look that might have been triumph. The game went on. The low tones of the young people were almost whispers.

"If you had that ace you were a long time playing it, Charlotte," said Mr. McCullough at the end of a hand.

"One doesn't win by being in a hurry," she answered easily.

"No," said the stranger, speaking for almost the first time, "one does not."

The words were simple, but to Richmond's ear they were emphatic. He

looked at her with a certain air of surprise, and again she met his look. Another hand was played.

"You did it that time," said Richmond at the end of it, as he scored three tricks.

"Yes," said she, smiling. "I thought it was time I took matters into my own hands."

He turned a little pale and dealt the cards with his eyes on her face. The evening slipped on; the game was close and interesting.

"That play of yours was an unusual one," said Richmond, "but successful."

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "I know all rules to do it. It was a forced lead, but there seemed nothing else to do."

There were bright red spots in her cheeks, and she held her handsome head very high as she spoke. He laid down his cards as if to stop playing; then—

"It saved the game," he said, conclusively, as he picked them up again.

"I thought you had that queen, Charlotte," said Mr. McCullough, in a reproachful, "from the way you played before."

"It is dangerous to draw inferences," said Richmond quickly, looking across the table.

"Not usually," she answered, lightly. "If one knows one's partner."

At ten o'clock Richmond, instead of taking up the hand she had just dealt him, put both his arms on the table and leaned across it. Mrs. McCullough looked as if the skies would fall, and Mr. McCullough said: "Come! come!" Richmond heeded neither of them.

"Will you tell me why you played as you did?" he asked, with sudden sternness. His partner looked at him and her eyes fell for an instant. Then, with her first full composure, she answered:

"It has taken me a long time to return your lead; but I found, soon enough, that it was from what is my strongest suit as well."

"Come, come!" said Mr. McCullough; "a great deal of talk about a hand that is past and gone. Pick up your cards, man!"

Instead of doing so Richmond stood up. The young people stopped talking, and even the reading old man laid down his book.

"In your name still Frances Effingham?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, rising too.

"Have you come back to me?"

"Yes," she said again.

"I have waited a long time," he went on.

"Yes." There was a pause.

"Will you come with me into the parlor across the hall and let me speak to you?"

She bowed, and tossing down her cards she passed out of the room and he followed her.

If Mrs. McCullough had ever allowed profanity in her presence she might have had to listen to it then. For several moments Mr. McCullough found nothing appropriate in his vocabulary.

"Are we never going to have a decent game of whist?" he thundered at last.

An Intricate Piece.

"You have heard Prof. De Faddell's latest fantasia, have you not?"

"Yes, the other night."

"What do you think of it?"

"It is exceedingly intricate."

"That is true. You see, his two favorite cats got into a fight on his piano when he happened to be in the next room; he heard the music, let 'em fight, and wrote out the notes."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

NELSON, MATTER & CO.'S great clearance sale happens only once a year. The present one ends Saturday night.

At Travis' old curiously shop you can procure anything under the sun.

ONLY SIX DAYS MORE in which to take advantage of the great reduction at Nelson, Matter & Co.'s great furniture sale.

"I Owe my Life to You."

That is a strong statement.

Yet exactly what Miss Gertrude Sickler, of Wilton, N. J., has written to Mrs. Pinkham.

She says:—

"I suffered terribly with suppressed and painful menstruations. Doctors could only keep me from having fits each month by giving me morphia. This continued until I was completely prostrated.

"My father at last got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which at once gave me relief. It did what the doctors could not—cured me. I never have any trouble now, and have no dread of the coming month.

"I owe my life to you. Oh! if other suffering women would try your valuable medicine they would bless you as I do."

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LADY E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LOWELL, MASS. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

Joseph H. Smith, Jr.

Small Bile Beans

Are guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache, La Grippe, Colds, Liver Complaint and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free. J.F. SMITH & CO. From NEW YORK.

WHERE are you getting your dinner now? You are making a great mistake by not trying Fysh's, 15 Canal street. Our cooking is up on top. Come and try it for yourself.

We claim our Coffee is the best in the city; at least that is the verdict of our customers.

ONE word as to our Order Cooking—it is the best to be had.

LARGE variety of Bread, Cakes and Fine Confectionery, made daily. 15 Canal street, near Sweet's hotel.

"The Pace That Kills"

is overwork—makes no difference what kind. Using greasy and inferior soaps is one road to premature decay—sore hands—sore hearts—clothes never clean.

Not so when

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP

is used. Cheerfully proceeds the labor of wash-day with health and long life assured. Hands all right—heart light—clothes pure and white is a Greenland snowdrift.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

Wash Day Tar Soap. Makes the skin soft and smooth.

PATENTS

Copyright, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyright, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address PRESS CLAIMS CO., JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, P.O. BOX 688, WASHINGTON, D.C.

This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of procuring their subscribers' united cooperation and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

Y. F. ROOTLIEB, Stamp Dealer

I wish to buy all kinds of old, used stamps; also postal cards. If you have some, call at 161 GRANDVILLE AVE., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. I have good stamps for collections.

HUDSON'S TOWER

There is no coaxing needed to effect a sale when once one of our \$10 or \$12 MEN'S SUITS are seen. IT'S A BIG SALE we are having despite the weather. THE BEST ALL WOOL SUITS (Men's sizes) we ever sold does not half express it. And we are having an immense sale in BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS, made to stand the wear and tear. Our Reciprocity double knees and seat suits are making mothers happy. All wool, \$5.00 is the popular price. Men's Hats, Boys' Hats, save dollars.

HUDSON'S TOWER

VALLEY CITY IRON WORKS. ERIE AND MILL STREETS. ADOLPH LEITELT, MANUFACTURER OF Steam Engines and Boilers and General Mill Machinery! Live or exhaust steam, Hot Blast Apparatus for heating factories, Dry Kilns, Iron Piping Fittings Valves, etc. Improved Greenhouses, Iron and Brass Castings, Building Casts, etc.

"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN, WHICH TAKEN AT ITS FLOOD LEADS ON TO FORTUNE."

It has been announced that the balance of the coinage of the

Columbian Half Dollars

Will bear the figures 1492-1893 instead of 1492-1892 as those already coined are dated.

An Opportunity Lost

Is never regained, and while another opportunity may present itself it is not certain to do so. If you desire to possess a valuable souvenir, secure a Columbian Half Dollar of

THE 1892 DATE.

THE HERALD is still supplying its readers with the 1892 coins at \$1.00. In Chicago they are being held at \$1.50 each.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

I Wish to Call Your Attention

To the fact that I am prepared to furnish Pure California Wines (vintage of 1888) at the following prices:

Guaranteed Pure California Wines!

PRICE LIST:

	40c	Single Gallons	12 Gallons	40c
Per Qt.				Per Qt.
Bottle.				Bottle.
Chateau	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	
Brandy	1.25	1.25	1.25	
Whisky	1.25	1.25	1.25	
Port	1.25	1.25	1.25	
Angels	1.25	1.25	1.25	
White	1.25	1.25	1.25	
Sherry	1.25	1.25	1.25	

These wines are carefully selected and sent direct from the vineyards in California, and for medicinal services I highly recommend them.

PAUL V. FINCH, VALLEY CITY PHARMACY, 75 CANAL STREET.